

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

BY W. H. CHANDLER.]

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS—FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

[WATER STREET, FOUR DOORS FROM MAIN.]

VOL. X.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1844.

NO. 12.

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:
\$1 50, In Advance—\$3 00, at the end of the year.—Advertisements inserted at \$1 00 for three insertions of 12 lines, and 25 cents for each continuance.

To the Whigs of Indiana.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The undersigned were selected by the Whig Convention which assembled at Indianapolis on the 16th instant, as a State Central Committee. With a view to the discharge of the duties imposed upon us by the Convention, we respectfully submit to your consideration the following suggestions, for the purpose of securing that concert of action and efficient organization, by which the Whigs of Indiana may be enabled to do their duty in the approaching Presidential canvass. We have taken this step thus early, because we are deeply impressed with the necessity of avoiding those causes which led to the defeat in the late elections.

It is necessary that every man should do his duty—his whole duty, in every movement which may be made between this time and the presidential election. The Whigs are admonished by the disasters of the past, that they have much to do during the present year. A slight glance at some of the prominent causes of defeat in previous contests will enable us all to perceive the line of conduct which is necessary to pursue. Last year in many of the counties, in which there were acknowledged whig majorities, they had several candidates for the same office for which the opposite party proposed but a single candidate. These aspirants were encouraged to persist, by apparently sincere assurances that, as to that particular office, the party lines would not be drawn; but when the votes came to be counted all were defeated, by the opposite party adhering to their own men; whig constituencies were represented by those opposed to their principles, and regardless of their views and wishes. Discord was sown among those who should be firm friends, and their subsequent co-operation rendered more difficult. But the worst is that the evil did not stop here. The Whigs were doomed to suffer defeat as to candidates for other offices, when they would otherwise have succeeded. Similar occurrences in other years might be pointed out; while on the other hand it can be satisfactorily shown that when this state of things has been avoided, the most brilliant success has crowned their efforts.

We cannot omit to mention that over confidence in their strength has proved detrimental to the success of the whigs in numerous instances. Many, wishing well to the cause of sound principles, made not the slightest effort, supposing it not to be necessary. Others again have indulged in an apathy the most fatal, justifying it in many cases on the ground that in ordinary elections success is a matter of little moment; that it is enough if they come up to the work on the great question. The consequence however of carelessness and apathy is, that the opposite party are emboldened and encouraged by victories won under such circumstances, while those of the Whigs who have to bear the "brunt of the battle" are dispirited; and the habit of acting together on ordinary occasions for the common good is lost.

These matters are not presented for the purpose of inflicting reproach. They are merely recurred to, as a part of the history of the last few years, from which a most useful and instructive lesson may be learned. Nor do we wish in any thing we have advanced, to be understood as desiring to infringe upon that freedom of thought and action, which allows to every citizen the right of contending as a candidate for offices, which are in the gift of the people; but we do submit it to the good sense of every man who loves the success of his principles, whether he cannot better advance his own personal interests, and the prosperity of the cause which he is advocating, by acting harmoniously with his friends; especially in view of the fact that a contrary course produces defeat to himself, and gives the ascendancy to principles and measures which he regards as injurious to the welfare of his country! We have every encouragement to united and harmonious action. Recent indications are in our favor. We have only to be firm, united—true to ourselves and to our principles—and the close of the contest must secure to the country the administration of our government upon the maxims of sound republicanism and genuine democracy. By union we can, we must succeed; but let it constantly be borne in mind that to secure this union, there must be a hearty, active, and efficient co-operation of every member of the Whig party.

To the end that union may be secured, and the evils, to which the recent reverses of the Whigs are attributable, may be avoided, the undersigned after such consultation as could be had among themselves and with Whig friends in various parts of the State, would respectfully suggest that plan of organization and co-operation that has been heretofore adopted with so much efficiency and success. For this purpose, it is proposed that a vigilant central committee, wherever it is found expedient, be organized in each county; its members so far as practicable, to be selected, that each township in the county shall be represented in such committee; and that the names of the persons composing such committee be transmitted to the State committee.

It is also suggested that Whig clubs or, such other associations as may be deemed proper, be formed in each township to communicate with each other and with the county committee.

This organization is deemed feasible and of vital consequence; and it is hoped that the various county and township committees and clubs will communicate freely with the State committee on all important matters, and as to the dissemination of all necessary information.

The undersigned respectfully propose that this organization be carried out by the first of next March, or as soon thereafter as practicable. The State committee would also suggest to the various individuals designated by the late convention, in the several circuits, to discuss in such circuits the questions bearing on the Presidential election, the expediency of communicating to said committee any information, which may be deemed proper and essential, and the committee will cheerfully correspond on all subjects touching the election.

Editors of Whig newspapers will confer a favor by giving this communication a prominent insertion in their columns, and by calling the public attention thereto.

Noah Noble, P. A. Hackleman,
O. H. Smith, D. P. Holloway,
D. Maguire, Sam'l Bigger,
Wm. Charles, J. S. Davis,
J. S. Bobbs, J. B. Seaman,
Geo. W. Stipp, Sam'l Hall,
A. W. Morris, J. Conard,
J. Wilkins, T. G. Harris,
S. V. B. Noel, F. M. Finch,
T. J. Barnett, B. Cole,
H. Brown, J. H. Wright,
N. McCarty, E. J. Peck,
C. Rommell, Geo. H. Dunn.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY.

Extract of a letter received by the last steamer from England, written by one who is a close observer of the "Fashions of the day."

After the battle of Waterloo, it was quite a common thing for many of the "sprigs" and "bloods" of London to tie up an arm or a leg, and turn out for an airing in the Park, as a wounded officer from that battle field; but who, during that fight, had not been out of hearing of "Bow-bells." The thing took for a time, and many a fair lady "oh'd" and "ah'd" in sympathy and admiration, as one of these unburied but bandaged wretches went limping by. "There goes a poor fellow who bled at Waterloo," "Where?" says another; "do let me get a sight of him." And then, too, raised their heads and bowed in thankful recognition to the unknown but wounded hero of Waterloo.

It was not an uncommon thing, too, for many families to close their doors and windows, and hang out habiliments of woe, in imitation of those who really had lost husband, father or brother at that great fight. To be in the fashion is a great thing in England, and whether it was this propensity, or something kin to it, it may be remembered that when the beloved Princess Charlotte met her sad end—there never was known before or since so many mishaps "in the family way" as on that occasion in England.

One thousand single women and three thousand married (according to report) had all miscarried.

The present Queen, God bless her, I am happy to say, is most fortunate in setting a more agreeable fashion; and while she herself presents to her people a prince or a princess annually, they, in turn, and as safely, furnish her new subjects by thousands.

As before said not to be in the fashion here, is to be almost nothing. So of late, it has become the fashion to have lost large sums of money in "America State Bonds"; and thousands that never owned one, announce or hint that the cause of their downfall, and the sale of their carriages and plate, is wholly arising from the "defalcation of States."

"Mrs. Simpkins, have you heard that poor Mrs. Snooks has gone to country lodgings and quit town?" "Is it possible?" "Yes, my dear—all's gone—the States of the Yankees have all failed; but she is not the only one, Lord and Lady Frump, and nearly all the Frumps, have lost most dreadfully—so that is some consolation to poor Mrs. Snooks. It would otherwise have broken her heart. Some folks do say that young Snooks got rid of his mother's money at Lord John Shuffles' whist parties, but this is scandal, my dear, real scandal, I assure you. All owing to those wretched democrats across the waters."

And so it goes the rounds, and has become the fashion.

There is no doubt that many, many families here, as in the United States, have been and are seriously injured by the unhappy inability of the States to meet their engagements. And so, no doubt, hundreds and thousands were sadly wounded at Waterloo—and so also, no doubt, many good women did suffer a similar misfortune to that which deprived the nation of an adored princess. But all I mean to say is—there is a very strong suspicion that fashion puts in for a large share, and that many go about in these days, deploring their misfortunes—which, if traced to their origin would be found to have arisen from a very different cause than that of investments in State banks, which they announce as the only reason of their downfall. But this is the fashion of the day; and until Brother Jonathan pays up faithfully, he must submit to the odium, real and feigned.

Mr. Squibs turned out several bushels of elegant pippin apples out of white pine. The imitation was so good, that he sold a Yankee costing captain ten barrels of them. He told him that they had a flavor like RINE apples—and they had.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The following remarkable story is told in MacFarland's Romance of History.

"About the year 1743, a person by the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practiced surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the Pi Spagna, in that city, being in bed was called up to attend some strangers, who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house in a coach; and his going to the door he found two men masked, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach, but no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him being a lady of rank whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after driving through a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen, his companions, then alighting, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house, and ascending a narrow staircase, then entered an apartment where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him that it being necessary to put out of existence a lady who had dishonored her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill—that he could find her adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate—and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible; a service for the execution of which he should receive a liberal recompense.

Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused to commit an act so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal would only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable, and that unless he chose to participate in a similar fate, he must submit to the office imposed on him.

Thus situated, and finding all remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose undress, and immediately afterward a female attendant placed before her a tub of warm water, in which she immersed her feet. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew he was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation, entreating him to put the sentence passed on her into execution with as little delay as possible. She added, that she was well aware no pardon could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would alleviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or escape either for the lady or himself, being more urged to expedite his work, by the two persons without, who impatient at his reluctance, threatened to exercise violence on him if he procrastinated, Ogilvie took out his lancets, opened her veins and bled her to death in a short time. The gentlemen having carefully examined the body, in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of zechins as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied, and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, led him down the same staircase to the carriage. But it being narrow, and descending the steps he contrived to leave on one or both sides of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing the precautions similar to those used in bringing him into this house, he was conducted home; and at parting the masks charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and if possible, never to think over the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures, with a view to render it public, or set on foot any inquiry into it, he should be infallibly imolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflections.

On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution, he determined at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate by concealing so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking, to substantiate the charge, as he remained ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or the name and quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the Secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, and acquainted him with every particular adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the house and bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed. Benedict the Fourteenth, (Lambertini,) who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information, than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the Shiri, of officers of Justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie, who, judging from various circumstances that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of the metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by Pope Julius III. (del Monte,) he found the bloody marks left on the walls by his fingers; at the same

time he recognised the apartment in which he put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciona, the chief of which illustrious family, and his brother, had committed the murder on the person of their own sister. They no sooner found that it was discovered, than they fled to the city, where they easily eluded pursuit of justice. After remaining here for some time, they obtained a pardon, by the exertions of their powerful friends on payment of a considerable sum to the Apostolic Chamber, and on the further condition of affixing, over the chimney-piece of the room, where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there till within these few years.

AN EXCITING STORY.

It was a sultry evening towards the close of June, 1772, that Captain Harmon and his eastern Rangers river their canoes up the Kennebeck River in pursuit of their savage enemies. For hours they toiled diligently at the oar—the last trace of civilization was left behind, and the long shadow of striking forests met and blended in the middle of the broad stream. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rattling of some night bird, or the quick foot steps of some wild beast—the dash of the oar suspended, and the Ranger's grasp tightened on his rifle. All knew the enterprise; and that silence, which is natural to men who feel themselves in the extreme of mortal jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"Hush—softly, men!" said the watchful Harmon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as his canoe swept round a rugged promontory, "there's a light ahead!" All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian fire gleamed up amidst the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operation of the oar was suspended, and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds which seldom failed to indicate the proximity of the savages.

All was now silent. With slow and faint movements of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light which at first attracted their attention. Harmon was at their head, with an eye and hand as quick as those of the savage enemy, when he caught sight of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the Rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the hoarse whisper of Harmon again broke the silence. "Look here," he exclaimed, pointing to the tree; "it's the work of the redskins!"

Smothered wrath glowed on the lips of the Rangers as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. Blood was spilt on the rank grass, and a human hand—the hand of a white man—lay upon the bloody log.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own inclination, they would have hurried recklessly on to the work of vengeance; but the example of their leader, who had regained his usual calmness and self-command, prepared them for a less speedy but more certain triumph. Cautionally passing over the fearful obstacle in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously to the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the thick trees. In few moments they obtained a full view of the object of their search. Stretched at their length, around a high fire, but at a convenient distance from it, lay the painted and half-naked forms of twenty savages. It was evident from their appearance that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels, and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping his tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of his disordered brain; but unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The Rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well tried rifles, each felt sure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Harmon, who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of one of the most distant savages. "Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalp-lock of the Indian. Fire and rush on!

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild and convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians, and all again was silent.

The Rangers sprang forward with their clubbed rifles and hunting knives, but their work was done. The red man had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit, and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of hot blood from their lifeless bodies.

If there is a man who may eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has wrought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cancered by no fraud, wet by no tears, stained by no blood.

"Boys," said Admiral Trunton, as his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe winter approaching, I advise you to keep a good fire."

THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

A discourse on this subject was delivered last Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. Bacon. The remarks, although embracing little of a novel character, contained much sound and practical knowledge on a theme so directly interesting and important to all. The Doctor remarked, that at no period of the world's history, was it so necessary to embrace the good and avoid the evil tendency of books as at present. The book produces in the reader the intellectual state of the writer; his thoughts come into being in your mind, which is brought into passive communication with his sentiments and emotions at the time of writing. You look upon the silent page—it fixes your attention, and as the voiceless words meet your glance, the eye sparkles with joy or glens with a tear, the smile of triumph or the frown of scorn radiates or darkens the countenance—your mind is like an instrument of many strings responding to a master hand. The author of a book produces in his moral emotion similar to his own. He may thus be a spirit of mercy or a tempting fiend. The works which a man chooses for his habitual reading are an index to his character. If you see another accumulating works on history, you have the index to his taste. One likes Lock on the Understanding, another Edwards on the Will, thus you know their character and dispositions. To some, history is dull and laborious, and light and frivolous reading engage their attention, their sole object is to kill time; there can be no doubt of the character of this class. He who chooses works of infidelity or blasphemy, may be marked as an infidel and blasphemer. He who revels in works of licentiousness has affirmed the unhappy tone of his disposition.

The boy who delights solely in books of piracies and murders, will probably meet a murderer's doom. He alone who chooses works of a moral nature to cheer his lonely hours, has a heart in sympathy with goodness. If you could go to a library and see the works chosen by various young men, you would have a sure test of their characters. The reverend speaker then enumerated the mischief of bad books. A bad book is like a bad man, it may be too stupid, too manifestly malicious to do much harm, or it may have a power to deceive and fascinate, as dangerous and damning as Satan transformed to an angel of light. You put a book into the hands of a single reader, and the thoughts, and feelings, the high aspirations, the pure desires are re-produced in his mind, and in his life they may make a lasting impression. The influence of a single book may be multiplied from this to future generations, its records of goodness and precepts of morality only grow brighter in lustre with the lapse of time.—N. Y. Sun.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.

When Napoleon died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with a design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of that wonderful organ, had deposited it in a silver basin among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confided to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt very nervous and anxious as the custodian of such a deposit; and though he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained—it was an enormous rat dragging the heart of Bonaparte to its hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Caesar stopping a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat!

THEORY OF MARRIAGE.—There was a merry fellow who supped with Plato three thousand years ago, the conversation turned upon love and choice of wives. He says "had learnt from very early tradition that man was created, male and female, with a duplicate set of limbs, and performed his locomotive functions as a wheel; that he became in consequence, so excessively indolent, that Jupiter indignant, split him in two; since that time each runs through the world in quest of the other half; if the two original halves meet they are a very loving couple; otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search, he said, was rendered difficult, for the reason that one half alighted upon a half that did not belong to him, another necessarily did the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion."

In the memoirs of Gerald Griffin, the author of that admirable novel "The Collegians," the following passage occurs relative to the London printers, who have the powers of Champlain in the deciphering of hieroglyphics:

Deciphering power of London Printers. You tax me with my illegible writing; but I fear I cannot amend it; for I must not stay to shape my letters; and I have, I believe, got in a bad habit from the facility with which the printers here make it out. I verily believe, if I shut my eyes, or flung the pen at the paper so as to make any kind of mark, the London printers would know what I intended to say. They always send me back my manuscripts, with printed proofs for correction; and I actually have repeatedly been unable to make out what I had written, until I had referred to the same articles in print.

LUCKY ESCAPE OF AN EDITOR.

In the Pensacola Gazette we notice an account of a brother editor out West, who lately made a most lucky escape from the entanglements of the net matrimonial. The story goes that a very beautiful girl had captivated his fancy, and he was rapidly sinking into the hopeless state of far gone coquetry. She was the daughter of a stranger who had lately rented a house right opposite our friend's den. He had watched her very frequently seated near the window, and had conceived the most extravagant notions of her personal beauty, adding, as a matter of course, all other possible accomplishments.

He put off, from day to day, his intentions of calling and being introduced; but at length one evening, being completely carried away by the force of the tender sentiment, he ventured to knock at her father's door. No one appearing, he repeated his blows with some remorse, when a coarse and not very musical voice thus addressed him: "Look ye here, man if you don't quit making that rumpus down that and clar yourself, I'll send a feller as will wallop you in short order."—Raising his eyes, he beheld his fair one leaning out of the window, slanking her fist at him as she spoke. He was struck dumb with astonishment, and stood for an instant riveted to the spot; but he soon recovered his senses, in a double sense, and made his escape (also in a double sense) upon which event he congratulated himself and the public in his next number.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.

According to Pliny, fire for a long time, was unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Euxodus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.

The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire; the Chinese confessed the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Nela, Plutarch, and other ancient nations who, at the time they wrote knew not the use of fire, or had but just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the deck of Magellan to one of their islands. At first they believed it to be some kind of animal that fed itself, and fed upon men. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents even in our own day, some nations in this deplorable state.

Any information touching the whereabouts of the following story, will be thankfully received by the suffering owner:

MINCE ADVERTISEMENT.—Runaway, or stolen or strait, mine pig black horse, about fourteen or fifteen hands six inches high. He has been got four black legs, two behind and before, and he is black all over his body, put his face and that is black too. Him, trods, and ganders, and baces, and wags, and ven him vank him's legs and veet all goes on after another—him has two ears upon his head, poth alike; put ven is placker dan teder, him has two eyes, ven is put out, and teder is pon de side ob his head, and ven you go on teder side him vant see you—ven him eats much him has a pig pelly—and him has a long dale vot hangs town behind, put I cut hit short teder tay, and now it is not so long as it yes—him is shot all round, put his pelint shoes comed off, and now him has only got shoes before—him holds up his head and lloes galip, and ven he has been scart him jandis apout like every ting in de vord—him vill be mit satle, or a shaze, or a cart, or vill go by him self mitout nopyty put a pag on his pack mit a poy on it—him is not wery old, and ven he vaux or runs, his head comes before and his dale stays behind, only ven him durns round and gits mar, and den his dale comes first. Whoever will prig him pack, shall pay five tollers reward, and if him prings pack de thief dat stole him, him shall pay twenty tollers and ax no questions.

We copy the following paragraph from a late English paper. What would be said of us in England if a similar case should occur in this country?

SALE OF A WIFE.—On Saturday last, a brute in human shape, from West Hallam, named Harte, sold his wife in Nottingham market-place, for one shilling, to a fellow named Smith, with whom the woman had been living for several years. A rope was tied round the woman's waist, and on the bargain being completed and the money paid, it was given to the purchaser, who carried off his prize. All parties seemed satisfied. [Nottingham Journal.]

WHO WANTS A SITUATION?—A country paper advertises for a manufacturer of original anecdotes of Washington, incidents of the Revolution, tales of deep and thrilling interest, Fourth of July orations, patriotic poems and first-rate darning articles for the benefit of delinquent subscribers. To any person capable of doing up a satisfactory run of business in this line, he offers board and clothing, privilege to SPARK his eldest daughter (thirty-eight years of age) and a glass of cider twice a week!

A wag says that in journeying lately he was put into a stage sleigh with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, however, the sleigh was upset, "and then," said he, "I found them all out."